

Guide to Life.

No. XI.

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PICTURES OF NEWS.



FATAL ACCIDENT TO LORD W. HILL,

Second son of the Marquis of Downshire, in Brandford Park, the seat of the Dowager Lady Middleton.

MILITARY DUELLING.—Murat had repaired to Paris in order to assist at the marriage of the Emperor with Maria Louisa of Austria, which was celebrated on the 1st of April, 1810. During his absence some hearthurnings took place between French and Neapolitan authorities and officers of rank. For instance, the French Colonel Durand, having been ordered to organize a regiment of curassiers, was allowed, under certain regulations of agreement, to pick a number of men out of other cavalry regiments. In selecting some men from a regiment commanded by the Duke of Roccaromana, the latter thought himself aggrieved—an altercation ensued, which ended in a challenge. Some how or other, it was agreed that the duke and Durand should fight in full uniform on horseback, with sabres only, no fire arms to be carried. I was intimate with the duke, and especially with his only son (a fine young man, who was afterwards, in 1815, killed by my side before the face of his father), and I was acquainted with the place and hour fixed for the combat, which was not to take place for several days after the challenge. During this interval, I several times accompanied the duke and his friends to the “Campo Marte,” where he exercised his best horses for the affray, and made choice of that which was most manageable on the haunches. At eleven o’clock on a beautiful April day the parties met, accompanied by their seconds, and at least fifty of their friends as spectators of the fight. The combatants were first placed at one hundred yards distance from each other. The ground was good turf, and as I have somewhere previously stated, one mile square. At a given signal, the parties started

towards each other with uplifted sabres. Colonel Durand cantered straightforward; the duke, also cantering, described a serpentine course, and curvetted his horse well upon his haunches, almost in a zigzag direction. At the first crossing, cuts were exchanged without effect; the duke received a well-intended compliment to his head upon his sabre, but his horse passed ere he could make a “risposta.” The duke, who rode a beautiful compact gallows kind of horse, said to be English, but rather fine in the legs, wheeled rather too soon for his antagonist, so that had it been a fight between enemies in the field, he would have had a good chance of getting up to him before he could turn, or when just in the act of turning, but he waved that advantage, and lowered his sabre, checked his horse to give more time to Durand. The latter veered and then they met at a very moderated curvetting pace. Durand again aiming at the head or shoulder, made a blow which the duke dexterously avoided by an extraordinary inclination of the body to the left, at the same instant gave point with his *Damascus* which caught Durand just under the wrist, and partly from the motion of his own arm, the point ran up beyond the elbow, slitting the flesh all the way to the bone. So sharp was the offending sabre, that the duke did not know of the injury he had inflicted, neither did his opponent at first feel it. But the prehensile power left his hand. The duke wheeled round his horse like a weathercock, and was on the point of giving the finishing blow to the embarrassed colonel, when he himself, as well as the seconds, perceived his sabre hanging only by the thong to the wounded wrist. The duke stayed

his uplifted arm, and so the matter ended. The wound of Durand's arm, being longitudinal, did not divide any important muscles or vessels, and healed as soon as could be expected of so extensive a lesion. Not so the irritation between Neapolitans and French. That irritation increased till frequent duels, always ending in death or wounds to the French party, till the natural effect of time in changing all things, put a stop to the evil.

While on the subject of duels I may, perhaps, as well disburden my memory of two or three more which happened about this period; exact chronological order not being quite essential in such matters. I have before-mentioned the formation of a kind of guard of honour composed of the sons of respectable persons, which corps was afterwards called the *Veliti a cavallo*, and greatly distinguished themselves in Poland and Russia. Out of six hundred and sixty, only thirty-seven returned to Naples! When this corps was first formed, the scampish portion of the French officers used frequently to crack jokes upon their "raw" appearance, and some duels took place, always to the discomfiture of the French. The "*esprit de corps*" became roused, and one evening four of the officers of the "guard of honour," happening to be taking their ices at a coffee-house opposite the palace, some French officers who were present in great numbers began their sneers, speaking more at, than to, the Neapolitans. Words ensued, and at length such was the language of the French reflecting on the corps, on its founder, and on its commander, that two of the four Neapolitans left the place to report the matter to their colonel, who happened to be the very identical Durand, whom we have just seen fighting Roccaromana. Durand, who was a brave, just, and impartial man, indignant at the conduct of the French officers, immediately left the royal box at the Opera where he happened to be, and accompanied his officers to the coffee-house. Addressing himself to the four Neapolitans, he desired them to point out the Frenchmen who had used the sweeping expressions of abuse complained of. They were indicated, and happened to be just four; whereupon, walking up to each of them, he gave them one after the other a slap in the face, and told them that each of his four officers would give them satisfaction, and, if after that they desired more, he was ready to supply it. The Neapolitans were Ferdinando Colonna, eldest son of the Prince Colonna Stigliano; the Marquis Rivelli, Diego Pignatelli Monteleone, Marco Caracciolo, and the Marquis Campomele. The circumstance took place on a Sunday, and the quadruple duel was fixed for the Wednesday following. Three of the parties agreed to fight with small swords; Colonna, to whom I was second, chose the sabre. Colonna and I had often fenced together, and also played with the basket-lilted stick. I had learned a particular *devo*y to engage a point thrust from my adversary which led to a *risposta* of fatal certainty: we called this cut "*La Mamalucca*."

Early on Monday morning, my friend and I began to practise with our sticks, and so continued, with scarcely any other intermission but for meals and sleep, which I took at his palace, not forgetting ever-and-again to practise the *Mamalucca*, from which I anticipated success. Our adversary was an experienced lieutenant of French light cavalry.

On the appointed day we all met in a garden at Capo di Monte, each principal being attended by two seconds, so that together we were twenty-four men all armed and stripped for combat. In fact, the seconds had much cause to fear being called upon to use their weapons, as the French are not celebrated for fairness in duels, when advantage can be taken with impunity. All the seconds, then, on this occasion were stripped, with weapons bound in hand, as though they had to fight themselves.

The play began: three pair with small swords (*spade*), one with sabres. A description of the thrusts, parries, feints, passes, &c., would be given in a romance, but it is not possible for me to detail them here were I so inclined. Moreover, all my anxiety was directed to my friend. He was active, strong, dextrous, and cool as a cucumber: I felt that he had a good chance, but, alas, three of the Frenchmen fell one after the other! Having heard of the "theory of chances," fear flashed across my heart for the odds against my friend. I saw that he was equal, and more, to the Frenchman, but it was hard to expect four victories out of four matches. However, I kept close beside him and urged him to the *Mamalucca*, a word of which the other did not understand our application. The prince held out the bait—the Frenchman took it—and instantly his abdomen was opened, so that his bowels protruded. Had it not been for the edge of the sabre taking a button of his trousers, the wound would have been worse and mortal; but, as it happened, I am glad to say, the man recovered, as also did two others of the Frenchmen wounded with swords, though one of them limped ever after, having been wounded in the joint at the groin. One only died, and that only six days afterwards. Only one of the Neapolitans received a scratch; and that was so small as to have escaped the notice of the seconds, which would have saved his adversary's life, who happened to be the one who died.

About this time another noted duel took place between General Caulaincourt and the Colonel Durand, of whom I have been speaking: they fought with pistols. Caulaincourt received the fire of his opponent, who missed him. Returning it, he lodged his ball over the right eye of poor Durand, which passed just over the "tentorial" membrane to the back of

the head, where it remained lodged without pressing on the cerebellum. Durand recovered and re-associated harmoniously with Caulaincourt: but, eight months afterward, as Durand was straining in pulling on his boots, he felt a sudden shock in his head, of which he had but just time to complain before he became insensible and shortly after died. The head was opened, and the ball was found fallen from the lodgment and the mucilaginous nidus it had formed, and pressing on the cerebellum. Some effusion of blood had also taken place.

I will not forget to mention a curious quarrel that, on the first day of 1812, took place between the Russian ambassador, Prince Dolgorouky, and the French plenipotentiary, Durant. At the grand levee of New Year's Day, the King being seated on his throne, receiving the homage of the foreign ambassadors, his ministers, nobles, &c. The right of precedence was equal between the Russian and the French ambassadors: both started towards the throne abreast, but Dolgorouky, thinking that he held a point or peg of dignity over the other "plenipotentiary," and being a huge, gigantic fellow, reached out his legs so as to put little Durant literally upon the trot. Finding himself in danger of being headed, Dolgorouky reached out his long arm as a barrier to his adversary who, taking the hint, seized it to detain him. On this the Russian stopped, and, looking unutterable things, clapped his hand to the pommel of his sword. At this climax the King, rising from his throne, advanced towards the rivals, and with placid speech and mien, thanked them both for such rival zeal in rendering him their homage, and led them each by the hand towards a sofa near the throne. The senses of the diplomatists quickly returning, they felt of course horrified at the courtly misdemeanour, and the affair went off without further notice at the levee. But, on the morrow, the parties repaired to Puzzuoli, where, on the antique pavement of the ancient temple of Jupiter Serapis, they met in mortal combat, armed with swords. The second to Durant was the French General Excelmans; Dolgorouky was seconded by his secretary of legation, Count Benkendorf. The Russian was wounded through the ear; and the *gendarmes* put a stop to the duel. I don't remember how it was, but some days afterwards the two seconds had some cause of dispute, which they also decided by the sword, when Benkendorf was wounded in the arm. Whatever might have been at that moment the secret feelings of the French and Russian Emperors towards each other, they both evinced their disapprobation of the affair by recalling their ambassadors from Naples, and replacing them by others.—From Colonel Maceroni's *Autobiography*.

GEORGE THE FIRST AND SOPHIA OF ZELL.—Historians have generally passed over, as of very little moment, the story of the consort of George the First. The following authentic particulars will interest many readers:—

Sophia, at the time of their marriage, was only sixteen years of age, and was a princess of great personal charms and mental endowments, yet her attractions did not retain the affections of her husband. After she had brought him a son and a daughter, he neglected his amiable consort, and attached himself to a favourite mistress.

Such was the situation of Sophia when Count Konigsmark, a Swedish nobleman, arrived at Hanover. He was a man of good figure, and professed gallantry; had been formerly enamoured of Sophia at Zell, and was supposed to have made some impression on her heart. On the sight of her his passion, which had been diminished by absence, broke out with increasing violence; he had the imprudence publicly to renew his attentions; and as George was absent at the army, he made his solicitations with redoubled ardour. Information of his attachment, and of his success, was conveyed to Ernest Augustus: and one evening, as the Count came out of her apartment, and was crossing a passage, he was put to death by persons placed to intercept him, in the presence of the Elector; and tradition still marks the spot where this murder was committed. Sophia was immediately put under arrest; and though she solemnly protested her innocence, yet circumstances spoke strongly against her.

George, who never loved his wife, gave implicit credit to the account of her infidelity, as related by his father; consented to her imprisonment, and obtained from the ecclesiastical consistory a divorce, which was passed on the 28th of December, 1694. And even her father, the Duke of Zell, who doated on his only daughter, does not seem to have entertained any doubt of her guilt, for he always continued upon the strictest terms of friendship with Ernest Augustus and his son-in-law.

The unfortunate Sophia was confined in the castle of Alden, situated on the small river Aller, in the duchy of Zell. She terminated her miserable existence, after a long captivity of thirty-two years, on the 13th of November, 1726, in the sixty-first year of her age, only seven months before the death of George the First; and she was announced in the *Gazette* under the title of the Electress Dowager of Hanover.

During her whole confinement she behaved with no less mildness than dignity; and on receiving the sacrament once every week, never omitted, on that awful occasion, making the most solemn assertions that she was not guilty of the crime laid to her charge. Subsequent circumstances

have come to light, which appear to justify her memory; and reports are current at Hanover that her character was basely defamed, and that she fell a sacrifice to the jealousy and perfidy of the Countess of Platen, favourite mistress of Ernest Augustus. Being enamoured of Count Konigsmark, who slighted her overtures, jealousy took possession of her breast; she determined to sacrifice both the lover and the princess to her vengeance, and circumstances favoured her design.

The prince was absent at the army; Ernest Augustus was a man of warm passions and violent temper, easily irritated, and when irritated, incapable of control. Sophia herself had treated Count Konigsmark with regard and attention, and the lover was hot-headed, self-sufficient, priding himself on his personal accomplishments, and accustomed to succeed in affairs of gallantry.

Those who exculpate Sophia assert either that a common visit was construed into an act of criminality, or that the Countess of Platen, at a late hour, summoned Count Konigsmark in the name of the princess, though without her connivance; that on being introduced Sophia was surprised at his intrusion, that on quitting the apartment he was discovered by Ernest Augustus, whom the Countess had placed in the gallery, and was instantly assassinated by persons whom she had suborned for that purpose.

Many persons of credit at Hanover have not scrupled, since the death of Ernest Augustus and George the First, to express their belief that the imputation cast on Sophia was false and unjust. It is also reported, that her husband having made an offer of reconciliation, she gave this noble and disdainful answer of haughty virtue unconscious of stain! "If what I am accused of is true, I am unworthy of his bed; and if my accusation is false, he is unworthy of me. I will not accept his offers."

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,

MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

(Continued from our last, page 75.)

The same letter which contained this intelligence, also requested me to prepare for my journey; and desired me to write to a person whom Mr. Robinson named in London, and whom I had seen in his company, for a sum of money which would be necessary for our journey. This person was Mr. John King, then a money-broker in Goodman's-Fields; but I was an entire stranger to the transaction which rendered him the temporary source of my husband's finances.

One or two letters passed on this subject, and I waited anxiously for my presentation at Tregunter. At length the period of Mr. Robinson's return arrived, and we set out together, while my mother remained with her friends at Bristol. Crossing the old passage to Clepstow in an open boat, a distance though not extended, extremely perilous, we found the tide so strong, and the night so boisterous, that we were apprehensive of much danger. The rain poured and the wind blew tempestuously. The boat was full of passengers, and at one end of it were placed a drove of oxen. My terror was infinite:—I considered this storm as an ill omen; but little thought that, at future periods of my life, I should have cause to regret that *that I had not perished!*

During our journey Robinson entreated me to overlook anything harsh that might appear in the manners of his *uncle*; for he still denied that Mr. Harris was his father. But, above all things, he conjured me to conceal my real age, and to say that I was some years older than he knew me to be. To this proposal I readily consented, and I felt myself firm in courage at the moment we came within sight of Tregunter.

Mr. Harris was then building the family mansion, and resided in a pretty little decorated cottage, which was afterwards converted into domestic offices. We passed through a thick wood, the mountains at every brake meeting our eyes, covered with thin clouds, and rising in a sublime altitude above the valley. A more romantic space of scenery never met the human eye! I felt my mind inspired with a pensive melancholy, and was only awakened from my reverie by the post-boy stopping at the mansion of Tregunter.

Mr. Harris came out to receive me. I wore dark claret-coloured riding habit, with a white beaver hat and feathers. He embraced me with excessive cordiality, while Miss Robinson, my husband's sister, with cold formality led me into the house. I never shall forget her looks or her manner. Had her brother presented the most abject being to her, she could not have taken my hand with a more frigid demeanour. Miss Robinson, though not more than twenty years of age, was gothic in her appearance and stiff in her deportment; she was of low stature and clumsy, with a countenance peculiarly formed for the expression of sarcastic vulgarity—a short snub nose, turned up at the point, a head thrown back with an air of *hauteur*; a gaudy-coloured chintz gown, a thrice-bordered cap, with a profusion of ribbons, and a countenance somewhat more ruddy than was consistent with even pure health, presented the personage whom I was to know as my future companion and kinswoman!

Mr. Harris looked like a venerable *Hawthorn*; a brown fustian coat, a carlet waistcoat edged with narrow gold, a pair of woollen spatter-dashers, and a gold laced hat, formed the dress he usually wore. He always rode a small Welch poney, and he was seldom in the house except at eating-time, from sun-rise to the close of the evening.

There was yet another person in the domestic establishment, who was by Mr. Harris regarded as of no small importance: this was a venerable housekeeper of the name of Mary Edwards. Mrs. Molly was the female Mentor of the family; she dined at the table with Mr. Harris; she was the governess of the domestic department; and a more overbearing vindictive spirit never inhabited the heart of mortal than that which pervaded the soul of the ill-natured Mrs. Molly.

It may easily be conjectured that my time passed heavily in this uninteresting circle. I was condemned either to drink ale with the 'squire,' for Mr. Harris was only spoken of by that title, or to visit the methodistical seminary which lady Huntingdon had established at Trevecca, another mansion-house on the estate of Mr. Harris. Miss Robinson was of this sect; and though Mr. Harris was not a disciple of the Huntingdonian school, he was a constant church visitor on every Sunday. His zeal was indefatigable; and he would frequently fine the rustics (for he was a justice of the peace, and had been sheriff of the county), when he heard them swear, though every third sentence he uttered was attended with an oath that made his hearers shudder.

I soon became a considerable favourite of the 'squire,' but I did not find any yielding qualities about the hearts of Miss Betsy or Mrs. Molly. They observed me with jealous eyes; they considered me as an interloper, whose manners attracted Mr. Harris's esteem, and who was likely to diminish their divided influence in the family. I found them daily growing weary of my society; I perceived their side-long glances when I was complimented by the visiting neighbours on my good looks, or taste in the choice of my dresses. Miss Robinson rode on horseback in a camlet safe-guard, with a high-crowned bonnet. I wore a fashionable habit, and looked like something human. Envy at length assumed the form of insolence, and I was taunted perpetually on the folly of appearing like a woman of fortune;—that a lawyer's wife had no right to dress like a duchess; and that, though I might be very accomplished, a good housewife had no occasion for harpsichords and books; they belonged to women who brought the wherewithal to keep them. Such was the language of vulgar illiberal natures! yet for three weeks I endured it patiently.

Knowing that Mr. Harris was disposed to think favourably of me—that he even declared he should "have liked me for his wife, had I not married Tom," though he was then between sixty and seventy years of age, I thought it most prudent to depart, lest through the machinations of Miss Betsy and Mrs. Molly I should lose the share I had gained in his affections. My mother was still at Bristol; and the morning of our departure being arrived, to my infinite astonishment, Mr. Harris proposed accompanying us thither. It was in vain that Molly and Miss interfered to prevent him; he swore he would see me safe across the channel, whatever might be the consequence of his journey. We set out together.

On our arrival at Bristol Mr. Harris was presented to my mother, and by her introduced to many respectable friends. He was consequently invited to several dinner parties. I was his idol; he would dance with me; when he had taken the evening draught he would sing with me, and I was to him the most delightful of beings. Many embellishments for Tregunter-house were submitted to my taste and choice; and I remember, on his giving orders for the marble chimney-pieces, he said, "Choose them as you like them, Mrs. Robinson, for they are all for you and Tom when I am no more." Indeed he frequently assured me, while I was at Tregunter, that the estate should be my husband's.

To be continued Weekly.

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.—A young gentleman, who has a vacancy in his cupboard, wishes to contract with tradesmen for filling the same. He is at present (*malheureusement!*) totally destitute of money, and his moral scruples do not allow him to procure anything upon credit. He proposes, therefore, to give his services on all social occasions, in exchange for the necessaries of life. He has received an University education, and can dance, sing, drink, smoke, and make a good speech, and brew a capital bowl of punch. He has black hair, a natural fondness for children, a small appetite, and a great respect for old maids. His clothes are good, and his manners unexceptionable. Should his personal services, however, not be wanted, he is perfectly ready to supply jokes, songs, sermons, speeches, healths, sentiments, and toasts for any festive occasion, and to receive either coals, meat, wood, brandy, cheroots, or kidneys in return. A first-rate "return thanks," for a five pound note; and no objection to stand godfather for a month's board and lodging in a respectable family. Academical references given—not the slightest credit required—and contributions down. For further particulars, address to C.D., B.A., &c. &c. &c., British and Foreign Institute, Hanover Square.—*Punch.*



THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

It was in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, according to a French historian, that an unknown prisoner, young and of noble appearance, was sent, in profound secrecy, to an island on the coast of Provence. The captive wore, while travelling, a mask, so contrived by steel springs, that he could take his meals without uncovering his face, a strict order having been given that if he disclosed his features he should instantly be put to death. The king's minister, Louvois, paid him a visit, and spoke to him standing, treating him with the greatest respect. It was said, that during this period of his confinement, he one day traced some words with a knife on a silver plate, and threw it from the window facing the sea. A fisherman brought it to the governor of the island, who, when he found the man could not read, dismissed him with a remark that he was lucky in his ignorance. The governor of the place where the stranger was confined, was afterwards appointed to command the Bastille, and, under his care, the man in the iron mask was taken secretly to Paris, in the Bastille he was lodged as conveniently as the nature of the place would allow; his table was excellent, all his requests were complied with, and the governor seldom set down in his presence. He played the guitar, and had a liking for lace and fine linen. The physician who attended him was in the habit of looking at his tongue, but never saw his face. The very tone of his voice was said to inspire interest, no complaint ever escaped him, nor did he attempt, even by a hint, to make himself known. He died in 1703, and was buried at night in the cemetery of St. Paul. So great was the importance ascribed to this dark event, that M. de Chamillart, the war-minister, successor of Louvois, was entreated, even on his death-bed, by his son-in-law, to explain the mystery; but he replied, "It was a solemn secret of state, which he had sworn never to reveal."

This is the romance of the history; and it is no wonder, considering the real state of the case, which was extraordinary enough, though, differing in some points from the above, that men's heads should be busy in imagining, and their tongues in circulating, various surmises respecting the name and station of the masked prisoner. At one time he was Fouquet, the disgraced minister of finance; at another, an Armenian patriarch. Some people were sure it was Louis, Comte de Vermandois, son of Louis the Fourteenth and Mademoiselle de la Vallière, though he was said to have died and been buried in 1683. Others declared the person to be the Duc de Beaufort, who, however, had to all appearance been slain and beheaded by the Turks, at the siege of Candia. On grounds about as solid, he was imagined to be the Duke of Mon-

mouth, whom the Londoners, if their eyes had not deceived them, saw executed on Tower-hill in 1685. But the favourite, and for sometime generally received opinion was, that which represented him as a son of Anne, mother of Louis the Fourteenth. It was at one time boldly asserted, that he was a twin-brother of that monarch; though another version of the time and circumstances of his birth reflected great disgrace on the queen.

After an imprisonment of twenty-four years and a half, Matthioli's deliverance came upon him almost as suddenly as his loss of freedom. On a Sunday, in November 1703, he felt a slight illness on going from mass, and died the next morning, without any apparently serious attack of disease, being then sixty-three years of age. He was buried the following day, in the neighbouring church-yard of St. Paul, and is registered in the books of that parish, as "*Marchiali, aged about forty-five years.*" Persons who died in the Bastille were frequently interred under false names and ages; and it is by no means surprising, in the case of such a notable state prisoner, that his persecutors, who had adopted during his life every expedient to conceal his real name and history, should have resorted to this method of preventing discovery after death, especially as this happened while Louis and the Duke were still alive. On the decease of the pretended Marchiali, his keepers scraped and white-washed his prison-walls; and not content with reducing to ashes even the doors and window-frames of his apartment, they melted down all the metal vessels, whether of copper, pewter, or silver, which had been used in his service. When the records of the prison were made public, in 1789, the register was searched in vain for any thing that could throw light on this affair: the leaf which contained it had been carefully removed.

If it may appear strange, that a person of no greater consequence than the Duke of Mantua's agent should have been the object of these anxious precautions, it must be again observed, that fiction has thrown false lights on the history of his fate. That Louis the Fourteenth should doom Matthioli to captivity for life, and desire that no man should hear his story, or even look upon his face, is, under the circumstances, not surprising. His crime was peculiar; he had broken faith with the government of the great monarch, and exposed his baffled scheme to the courts of Italy. Pride and rage called aloud for vengeance, and that in a way not uncommon in France at the period in question. Matthioli was to be as one dead: and though the king's hand was kept from his blood, the whole transaction fixes a dreadful stain on the character of Louis. To invent means of effecting his design was the business of inferior agents: and the walls of old state-prisons, if they could speak, would, doubtless, record, various instances of fantastic and curious persecution, harassing alike to captive and to keeper, displaying the very excess and refinement of cruelty, as if men aimed at perfection in the practice of oppression, as of nobler arts.

Such is the true story of the Iron Mask. It will not now be the astonishment of future ages; but it may still continue to instruct them, although its hero has descended from the rank of princes, patriarchs, and admirals, to that of a mean Italian adventurer, whose memoir may be concluded in the words of the poet:—

"Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
I took thee for thy better!"

NAPOLEON'S EYE AND CALCULATION.—By long experience, joined to great natural quickness and precision of eye, he had acquired the power of judging with extraordinary accuracy both of the amount of the enemy's force opposed to him in the field, and of the probable result of movements, even the most complicated going forward in the opposite armies. The roar of artillery, the smoke and rattle of musketry, even the falling of balls around him, were alike unable to divert his steady gaze or disturb his accurate judgment. Never was he known to be mistaken in the estimate which he formed on the distance or approach of the fire of the enemy. Even on the furthest extremity of the horizon, if his telescope could reach the hostile columns, he observed every movement, anticipating every necessity, and from the slightest indications drew correct conclusions as to the designs which were in contemplation. No sooner had he ascended a height from whence a whole field of battle could be surveyed, than he looked around him for a few minutes with his telescope, and immediately formed a clear conception of the position, forces, and intentions of the whole hostile array. In this way he could, with surprising accuracy, calculate in a few minutes, according to what he could see of their formation and the extent of ground which they occupied, the numerical force of armies of sixty or eighty thousand men; and if their troops were at all scattered, he knew at once how long it would require for them to concentrate, and how many hours must elapse before they could make their attack. On one occasion, in the autumn of 1813, some of Napoleon's Generals expressed an opinion that he might expect an attack on the side of Bohemia. "From what I can see," said he, calmly closing his telescope, "the enemy have there two corps of sixty thousand men; they will require more than one day to concentrate and be ready to attack; we may pursue our march."



FEROCITY OF THE RAT.

A child in Louisburgh was amusing itself in the street with some of its companions, when a large rat issued from a sewer and attacked it. The cries of the child directed the attention of the people, who flew to its assistance; but no efforts could make the rat let go its hold of the poor child's foot, until the animal was killed.—*Inverness Paper*.

THE CONVICTS IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.—A writer in one of the periodicals, has given the following frightful details from the representation of an eye-witness of the condition of English convicts in the penal settlements:—"Arrived at their destination, and placed, in the first instance, in their barracks, the initiation into the deeper mysteries of the masonry of crime begins. Often have I known the well-disposed prisoner rejoice, after labouring all day, to be allowed to watch an unenclosed building during the inclement night, rather than be locked up among his partners in crime and misery. I have known the infirm man invoke any torture elsewhere, so he might not rest in that abode of horrors and frightful depravity. I have known the blind consider his privation of sight a blessing, as shutting out wickedness through one sense from his knowledge. But we will follow the convicts from the barracks to their situations in the interior. They are assigned to masters, who have probably from 30 to 70 in the same condition, lodged in a row of sheds, each containing from four to six persons; the new comers, until they gather experience, being made the tools and cat's paws for mischief of their more practised associates. The master's object is, to obtain as much labour out of his slave as possible, the object of the prisoner is to enjoy as much leisure as possible. They are thus in perpetual collision, and here the incentive to industry and the correction of misconduct is one and the same in its operation. Where a master in England finds fault, the master in Australia threatens the lash. Where he talks here of turning away, there he procures the infliction of the lash!—for idleness, the lash! for carelessness, the lash! for insolence, the lash! for disobedience the lash! whenever there is reason, and whenever there is not reason, the lash! ever on the master's tongue, and ever on the prisoner's ear, just as he himself urges his drowsy bullocks, sounds the lash! the lash! the lash! However, for some offence, real or imaginary, the man is reported, and taken before the magistrate—the case is summarily decided—the triangle displayed, with all its gory associations—the offender stripped and tied up—the scourger comes forth from the place in which he hides himself from the scorn of men, he grasps his scourge, and draws his fingers through the tangles of many knots—the thongs descend, and after a fiftieth repetition, each deliberate in preparation, and swift in its cutting stroke, he is taken down. Scarcely convalescent, he again by look or language offends; he is again hung up—a few strokes remove the slough with which nature has shielded his former wounds, and now the wiry cords suck and eat their fill of the flesh and gore of the miserable creature. In time, his opportunity serves for vengeance or escape, and the murder of his master or overseer, and flight to the bush, is a common result. Here, after a brief time, his career is cut short, and the end of it is, either in an iron-gang, in a death cell, or in Norfolk Island.

In the iron gangs the prisoners are clothed in a piebald dress of yellow and grey, and in addition to the leg irons, which are frequently double, each man, as in Norfolk Island, works with a sixteen pound shell trailing at his ankle, and under a military guard. When employed in the interior, upon the roads, &c., they are at night, and during the Sunday, locked up in square portable boxes, fourteen or sixteen together, secured by hand-

cuffs, and locked to a chain, which is secured at each end on the outside of the cabin, the space allowed being considerably less than two feet square for each person. Of the cell (which forms the portal to the gallows), I need say nothing, and shall at once turn to the condition of those doomed to the hopeless wretchedness of Norfolk Island.

"In this place of concentration of all that is evil in nature, none but the military guard, the officers of Government, and the prisoners, are allowed to reside. At a distance of nearly 1000 miles from Sydney, the nearest point of the continent of New Holland, the wretched inhabitants are shut out for ever from intercourse with the world, for no vessel, except provided with the secret signals, is allowed, under any circumstances, to approach the island but in case of distress, in which emergency interference with the convicts is repressed by the point of the bayonet, or the bullet, if needful. The testimony of the Rev. Dr. Ullathorne will speak volumes as to the condition of the wretched beings who are transported to this abode of horrors, and from his narrative of a mission to that island, published in 1828, we extract the following passages, as describing the estimation in which the place is held, even by the convicts themselves:—

"I have already observed, that such is the horror the convict of New South Wales entertains for this settlement, that we frequently hear the condemned, even under the gallows, thank God that they are to die, rather than to live at Norfolk Island. The number of criminals averages about 2000, and they are worked in heavy irons, and fed on salt meat and maize bread, which is distributed to them in portions just sufficient to sustain a lingering state of physical decay. Until very recently, no attention was paid by the authorities to any religious observances among these miserable outcasts, and their deep depravity had become a proverb, even in New South Wales. So corrupt was the most ordinary language, as incessantly to present the imagination with the absent objects of the passions as though present—so perverse, that in their dialect, evil was literally called good, and good evil—the well-disposed man was branded wicked, whilst the leader in monstrous vice was styled virtuous. The human heart seemed inverted, and the very conscience reversed. In this abode of demons, so indifferent had even life become, that murders were committed by lot, in cold blood, not from ill-feeling towards the murdered, but that the perpetrator and witnesses might be taken for a time from the scene of their daily miseries, to appear in the court at Sydney, although the latter knew that after the execution of their comrade, they would be remanded to their former haunts of wretchedness. The life of these men is one of despair, their deaths are as the expiring gasps of an exhausted volcano. In the grave-yard of the settlement, the resting-places of the inhabitants are numerous, and always recent, most of the tenants having reached, by an untimely end, the abode to which they now contribute their hapless remains and frightful history. I have myself (says Dr. Ullathorne) witnessed fifteen descents into these houses of mortality, and in every one lies a hand of blood."

CRUELTY TO THE POOR IN BETHNAL-GREEN WORKHOUSE.—A meeting was some time since held at the Crown and Anchor, Cheshire-street, Waterloo Town, of the relatives and friends of the poor who are inmates of Bethnal-green Workhouse, "to take into consideration the recent conduct of the guardians of the poor, in refusing to allow its inmates to come out on the Sunday, as they had hitherto done, to see their friends; and to adopt such measures as might appear necessary to arouse the sympathy of the rate-payers in their behalf." The room was densely crowded.

Mr. Shaw having been called to the chair, expressed a hope that no statement of grievance would be made which could not be substantiated by proof.

Several parties then addressed the meeting; and, from the facts which they put forth, it would appear that, since the erection of the new workhouse, under the regulations of the Poor Law Commissioners, the guardians have withdrawn the privilege previously in operation of permitting the aged paupers to visit their friends on the Sunday—a decision which has caused the greatest distress of mind to their relatives, the more so, too, as it would seem that there had not been any intimation promulgated of an intention to put that rule in force. Numerous speakers depicted in powerful language the extreme pain and anxiety which this step has given rise to, and the result was a determination to call the present meeting. In addition to the prohibition already named, the Board also issued orders, that no relative or friend of the paupers should be allowed to visit them. The announcement of the intention to hold the present meeting, however, it would appear, induced them to relax this interdictory regulation; and the guardians subsequently sent forth a "Notice to Visitors," containing what they term an "alphabetical arrangement," under which they will permit visits to be made to the inmates in the house. Accompanying this arrangement are six stipulations, of which three are as follow:—"Not more than two persons will be allowed to visit the same individual at a time, and no visitor to remain beyond a quarter of an hour. No articles of any kind are allowed to be given to the inmates, and all visitors will be liable to be searched. Visitors will

not be permitted with children." Some of the speakers dwelt with much feeling and power on the hardship that the last regulation inflicted, not merely on the paupers, but on their families. It was a prohibition of the visits of their children and grand-children—visits which, to many if not to all, would afford immeasurable consolation. They likewise complained of the restriction which prevented giving their aged parents tea or coffee, or any other little article which would be calculated to add to their comforts. It was furthermore stated, that the quantity of food was not sufficient, and that, in some instances, where, small as the meal was, the paupers, from weakness of stomach and other causes, were unable to eat the whole, that which they left, although an hour or two afterwards they would be glad of it, was taken from them by some of the officers of the establishment. A petition was read by Mr. Everitt from the inmates of the house, setting forth many of these facts, and adding that the clothes they wore were often in such a filthy condition that maggots from them had floated on the surface of the water upon their being put into the wash-tub. The charges in almost every instance were brought forward by relatives of the paupers, in terms of the most heart-rending description. Eventually, two resolutions were unanimously carried to the following effect:—"That this meeting severely deprecates the cold, harsh, brutal, and tyrannical conduct of the Board of Guardians, in the exercise of their powers towards the inmates of the parish workhouse, by depriving them of their personal liberty, by refusing them a sufficiency of food, and by treating unfortunate and honest poverty as a crime; and that five gentlemen be appointed to draw up an address to the rate-payers, begging them to sign a requisition to the churchwardens, to call a public vestry to take into consideration the treatment of the poor in the workhouse."

The Committee having been appointed, the meeting separated. It was stated, that in the case of an old woman about seventy years of age, that the mistress or the master of the house had taken away from her, her spectacles, and thus deprived her of the means of reading her Bible.—*Standard.*

THE CRY.

A wail hath gone over the earth,
Sad, hollow, and dismally drear;
Like the storm in the hour of its birth,
Or the wind at the fall of the year;
It hath swept past the hovel and hut,
And the rich man hath fastened his door,
But it howls where his portals are shut—
'Tis the cry of the famishing poor!

The child in the arms of its nurse
Shall start as it swells on the air,
For that sound is the sound of a curse,
And that voice is the voice of despair!
Lo! laughter and revelry's shout,
And warmth, and indulgence, and sin;
There's death and starvation without,
There is music and dancing within.

O Dives! thy death-bed draws near;
Sunk down to the level of men,
The cry thou refusest to hear,
Shall be audibly clear to thee then!
The whispers of doctors and friends,
Yea, sobbs from the loving and loved,
Shall be lost, as that echo ascends
Which found thee so hard and unmoved!

In vain, from all parts of the globe,
Shall thy couch with rich comforts be spread,
Thy heart, 'neath its miniver'd robe,
Shall freeze with a horrible dread.
The pendulum, heavy and dull,
As it swings to and fro in the gloom,
Shall start thee—when opiates would lull—
As if striking the hour of thy doom.

Then, naked, returning to God,
(Who sent thee, frail perishing worm,
To creep awhile over this clod,
The task of thy life to perform),
The earth thy remains shall enfold,
And thy course in a bed be inured,
As narrow, as dark, and as cold,
As the grave of the wretch thou hast spurned.

But thy soul "cannot slumber in dust;"
Thee its shuddering wings must upbear
To the throne of the holy and just,
For a fiat of hope or despair.

There stand, O thou Spirit of Woe!
And answer to Father and Son
For the good which thou failedst to do,
As well as the ill thou hast done.

Repeat (what on earth would not cease)
All the sophistries, hollow and vain,
Why *thy* lot should be plenty and peace,
And thy fellow's privation and pain.
Mock God with some blasphemous text,
Pointing out with a scriptural hand,
How in this world, if not in the next,
"The poor" must still cumber the land.

Make that which was written to urge
A brotherly pity of heart,
Seem meant as a sentence and scourge,
To set life's conditions apart;
Prove, prove that thy conduct was right,
When the famishing clamoured for bread,
And the huge waxen torches shone bright
On the meats at thy festivals spread.

Prove, prove that thy heart was not cold,
But that fear to encourage the base
Was the motive that bade thee withhold
The alms that were begged as a grace!
Ay! prove it—while, throng after throng,
Good angels re-echo the cry—
"How long wilt thou suffer, how long;
O Lord of the earth and the sky!"

As the voice of the drowning is lost
In the strife of the winds and the waves,
Or the storm-wildered wanderer crossed
By the forest trees crashing like staves;
So the rich in the hour of *THEIR* need,
For mercy shall vainly implore;
They shall not be heard when they plead,
Because of the CRY of *THE POOR!*

Times.

THE LATE SIR H. HALFORD.—One of the very trying and difficult positions in which professional men chance sometimes to be placed is well illustrated by Sir Henry, and his sagacity on this occasion cannot but be admired. It affords an illustration of the advantages arising from a liberal education and an attention to polite literature, in the exercise of an arduous profession. The immortal Shakespeare has left us a test of madness. Sir Henry proved the correctness of the test in a very interesting case:—

"Ecstasy?"

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from."

Hamlet, Act iii, SCENE 4.

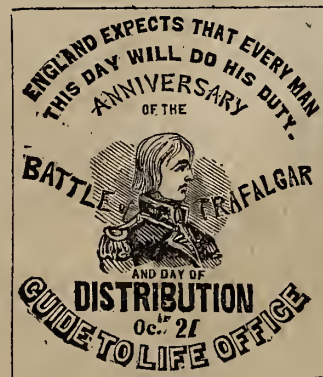
"A gentleman of considerable fortune in Oxfordshire, about thirty-five years of age, sent for his solicitor to make his will. He was in habits of strict friendship with him, and stated that he wished to add five hundred pounds a year to his mother's jointure, if she got well, she being then (to the knowledge of the solicitor and himself only) confined as a lunatic; to make a provision for two natural children; to leave a few trifling legacies; and then, if he died childless, to make him (the solicitor) his heir. His friend expressed his gratitude, but added that he could not accept such a mark of his good opinion until he was convinced that it was his deliberate judgment so to dispose of his property, and that decision communicated to him six months afterwards. In about six weeks' time the gentleman became deranged, and continued in such a state of excitement for a whole month (during which he was visited constantly by Sir George Tuthill and myself) as to require coercion every day. At the expiration of that time he was composed and comfortable. But his languor and weakness bore a proportion to his late excitement, and it was very doubtful whether he would live. On entering his room one day, to my question—how he found himself, he answered, 'Very ill, sir: about to die; and only anxious to make my will first.' This could hardly he listened to under his circumstances, and he was persuaded to forego that wish for the present. The next day he made the same answer to the same question, but in such a tone and manner as to extort from common humanity, even at the probable expense of future litigation, an acquiescence in his wish to disburden his mind. The solicitor was sent for, and having been with him the preceding evening, met us, at our consultation in the morning, with a will prepared according to the instructions he had received before the attack of disease, as well as to those given the last night. He proposed to read this to the gentleman in our presence, and that we should witness the signature of it if we were satisfied that it expressed clearly his intentions. It was read, and he

answered 'Yes—yes—yes—,' distinctly to every item as it was deliberately proposed to him. On going down stairs with Sir George Tuthill and the solicitor, to consider what was to be done, I expressed some regret that we, the physicians, had been involved in an affair which could hardly be expected to terminate without an inquiry in a court of law, in which we must necessarily be called upon to justify ourselves for permitting this good gentleman, under such questionable circumstances, to make a will. It occurred to me then to propose to my colleague to go up into the sick room to see whether our patient could re-word the matter, as a test, on Shakspeare's authority, of his soundness of mind. He repeated the clauses which contained the addition to his mother's jointure, and which made provision for the natural children, with sufficient correctness; but he stated that he had left a namesake, though not a relation, ten thousand pounds, whereas he had left him five thousand pounds only; and there he paused. After which I thought it proper to ask him to whom he had left his real property, when these legacies should have been discharged,—in whom did he intend that his estate should be vested after his death, if he died without children? "In the heir-at-law, to be sure," was the reply. 'Who is your heir-at-law?' 'I do not know.' Thus he 'gambolled' from the matter, and laboured, according to the test, under his madness still.

IDOLATRY IN INDIA.—A great delusion has been practised on the Christian world in reference to the abolition of the pilgrim tax, which was instituted by the old Hindoo kings and the chiefs of Crissa. They then devoted fifty lacs of rupees (being half a million sterling) to the construction and embellishment of the temple, and also supported the establishment in a most suitable manner. The followers of Mahomet at first treated the idol and temple (on obtaining power) with all the furious rage of Iconoclasts, but they eventually found it most advisable to tax the pilgrims for the benefit of themselves, but they took the lion's share, merely allowing sufficient to keep up an appearance of the former establishment. In 1803, the British took possession of the temple for two years they did not levy any tax upon pilgrims frequenting the temple, and being anxious to avoid violent changes, they still supplied the wants of the establishment as they arose. The priests at this time enjoyed the revenues of a certain Sataish Hazzar estates, the proceeds of a poll-tax also, called Sayer, and the proceeds of the sale of Muhaprusard, a food supposed to be holy, from its having been offered by the pilgrims to the idol! Beyond these funds, what else was required government found. To check the exorbitant demands of the priests (when they had found they got all they asked) it was necessary to come to some understanding so as to limit the expenditure of the idol; and the commissioners of Cuttock, after strict enquiries into the real items of expense, fixed the sum of 55,000 rupees a year, besides the cloth which was in the Company's storehouses. This arrangement arose from no other source than a desire on the part of the government to limit the demand on the English treasury. On the 5th of September, 1805, the fiscal arrangements of the province were promulgated in the regulation twelve of that year, and it was provided "that nothing contained in this regulation should be construed to authorise the resumption of the established donation for the support of the temple of Juggernath—the charitable donations to the officers of certain Hindoo temples, called Unoochootree—and the allowance granted for the support of the temple at Cuttick, called Letarim Takoor Baree." In 1806, the pilgrim tax was imposed by Sir George Barlow, and the regulation stated that the fees to the officers of the temple should be paid out of the fund which have been or may be assigned for its support. When the pilgrim tax was abolished (by which these funds were provided) some other arrangement (to avoid a breach of faith) became imperative. The value of the broad cloth for the three cars had been computed at 1,000rs. annually, so making the whole disbursement of the year (preceding the abolition of the pilgrim tax) 57,000rs. The Sataish estates, which, under the management of the priest, produced only 12,000rs, were rendered more productive by the honest management of our own officers. The poll tax was also abolished with the Sayer. The sacred food produced but a slight amount, and, when all these items were put together, they fall short of 57,000 rupees by 35,000. It appears then Lord Auckland determined the balance of the 57,000 rupees would form an equal charge on the territorial revenues; consequently, the support of the temple was only in strict conformity with the government regulation of 1805, which stated that "nothing herein contained shall be construed to authorise the resumption of the established donation for the support of the temple." When, therefore, the government took possession of the revenues by which the idol had been supported, it was bound it justice to appropriate to its use a fraction of the revenue which it annually derived from the lands of the temple. In 1840 the government abolished the pilgrim tax, and also prohibited the officers of the temple from demanding of the pilgrims those sums which the regulation of 1805 designated their usual fees; these fees are the natural and indefeasible right of the Rajah of Khoorda, as the Lord of the Temple. Every proprietor of every temple in India, has a right to fix his own price on the enjoyment of the religious benefits which are supposed to belong to it. Every temple in India enjoys the undisturbed right

of this prerogative. It was by law withheld from the proprietors of the temple of Juggernath, in 1840, and Government is therefore bound to give this shrine an equivalent. Here, then, rests the head and front of the offending. If the Government entered into an engagement, giving an undertaking to do so, they cannot withdraw without a breach of faith. For my own part, the disgusting and idolatrous exhibitions seen in the streets on certain Paajahs, is so repugnant, that I avoid the roads where I know they parade, and would gladly see the whole fraternity of the four thousand Hindoo gods and goddesses burnt by Jack Ketch; but a stipulation is a stipulation, particularly from a body that has so great a name for good faith as the East India Company; and I do not see well how it is possible to back out of it. India is but very little known at home, and the little of it that some good sort of folk (perhaps in other respects) seem inclined to miscolour or mystify. The government do nothing, in fact, to support idolatry; and it is scandalous that such a charge should be made against it. Soldiers certainly follow the cars, but they are sepoys, and it is to prevent breaches of the peace, which would infallibly take place, and do as it is, between the Hindoos and Mussulmen, in those periods of fanatical excitement and religious frenzy.

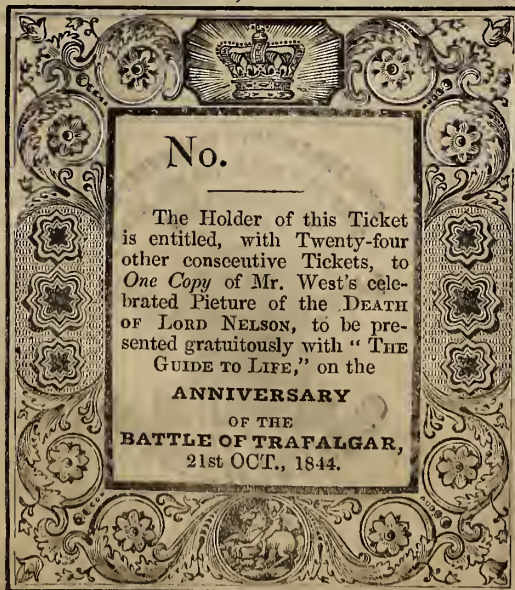
PARTIAL MORAL MANIA.—Madame N., whom Esquiroi received into his hospital, and whom he describes as being perfectly rational in her conversation and conduct, and of a mild, affable, and industrious disposition, very calmly related to him the circumstances connected with a strong inclination she felt to kill her child. After her last accouchement, fourteen months before, she had several hysterical fits and was much troubled with pains in the head, stomach, and bowels; with vertigo and ringing in the ears. These mostly disappeared, but she then became exceedingly capricious in her temper and affections, being alternately gay and sad, confiding and jealous, resolute and weak. In this condition, she heard of the murder committed by Henriette Cornier, when she was immediately seized with the idea of killing her infant, and one day when her child entered the room, she felt the most violent desire to assassinate it. 'I repelled the idea,' said she, 'and coolly inquired of myself, why I should conceive such cruel designs—what could put them into my imagination? I could find no answer. The same desire returned; I feebly resisted it, was overcome, and proceeded to consummate the crime. A new effort arrested my steps, I raised the knife to my own throat, saying to myself, better perish yourself, bad woman.' When asked the cause of these evil thoughts, she replied that something behind her back urged her on. During the first fortnight of her stay in the hospital, she was afflicted by a return of the physical disturbances with which she was first attacked, but at the end of six weeks was so much better, in consequence of a proper medical treatment, that she received her husband and child with joy, and lavished on the latter the tenderest caresses. Suddenly she perceived a cutting instrument, and was seized with the desire of snatching it up and committing two murders at once—a thought which she suppressed only by flying from the room. The symptoms of physical disturbance now again made their appearance, during which she was informed that her child was sick, and while extremely distressed and weeping at the news, 'she felt a violent desire,' to use her own expression, 'to stab or stifle it in her arms.' After about three months residence in the hospital, she went away restored and continued well.—*Ray on Insanity.*



THE SHIP ON FIRE.—During the tempestuous gales of the spring of 1802, the Sparkler, a revenue vessel stationed off Penzance for the suppression of smuggling, was obliged to return to Plymouth, the tempestuous winter having so shaken her about the bows, and damaged the "hawse pieces," that she required assistance from the dockyard. In order to get conveniently at that part of the ship which needed repairs, perfectly smooth water was necessary, and we went into Burn Pool. Whilst there one of those accidents which seem alone to paralyse the energies of a sailor and deprive him of his self-possession befell the ship. It was noon, and the ship's company were all below at dinner. Suddenly the fearful and appalling cry of "the ship's on fire!" resounded through the ship, followed by a simultaneous rush to all the hatchways, and that confused murmuring noise which always proceeds from a multitude in a state of doubt and alarm. Men, women, and children thronged every approach to the ladders, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I squeezed myself through the press, and made my way upon deck. When there I perceived that the fire proceeded from the fore part of the ship. Already it had caught the booms, and the flames, every instant advancing more and more, were menacing the foremast. For an instant irresolution and dismay seemed to possess the crew. Several exclaimed, as they observed the ascending flames, and the danger was magnified to their eyes by their own fears, that it was impossible to save the ship, and that the only means now left to preserve their own lives was to slip the bridles and let her drift on shore. Others, again, had the yard and stay-tackles in their hands, and were already in the act of preparing to hoist out the two remaining boats, the rest being absent on duty at the dockyard. At this moment the first lieutenant reached the deck, and his voice, heard high above the din, in an instant commanded silence and put a stop to the confusion. A few threatening gestures and expressions sufficed to shame and awe the timid, whilst his perfect self-possession, and clear and encouraging orders and directions, inspired confidence in all. The roll of the drum beating to quarters was now heard, and at its sound every one flew to his proper station. Soon some of the waist-hammocks were soaked overboard, and they, with the fire-buckets, were seen passing along the deck with order, regularity and despatch; and in far less time than I have taken to write these few lines the fire was extinguished.

A MEXICAN CHARM.—The true-hearted Mexican Fair thinks that she is destitute of one of her attractions if she has not a cigar in her mouth; she wafts honied words to her lover from her rosy lips in eddying fumes, and extends her dimpled arm from beneath the envious concealment of the mantilla, to light a paper cigar, or to adjust that of her lover. How could she fill up the time which she now wiles away in smoking, or how retain the gracious offices of her duenna without such an occasional mark of her favour? If you endeavour to convince her of its unseemliness for so fair a sex, she has a thousand things to say in its defence; yet, to the honour of the ladies of Mexico be it said, they have been the first to yield to the remonstrances of strangers, so that it is daily becoming more rare to see young ladies smoking in public; it is beginning also to disappear at the theatre, and the balls in the capital, whence it is no longer necessary to have a separate smoking-room for the ladies.—*United Service Magazine.*

FORM OF TICKET, to be issued 6th APRIL.



BURIED TREASURE.—A meeting of shareholders was held, a few days since, at the house of Mr. Vivian, captain of West Caradon Mine, Liskeard, to take into consideration the means to be applied for raising the immense treasure, consisting of Spanish specie, that has for so many years remained in Dollar Cove, Gunwalloe, Cornwall. Two attempts have at different periods been made to secure the treasure, but, from the instability of the plans adopted, the adventurers failed to recover more than comparatively a trifling portion of the coin (about 500 pieces, dollars and doubloons), an indication that the entire cargo of the Spanish wreck still remains buried in the sand within the cove. Two plans were suggested to the meeting—one by the Messrs. Medland (of Liskeard), another by Mr. Henwood (of Tideford), both of which were highly praiseworthy, and it was agreed that Messrs. Medland's should be adopted, the shareholders believing it more likely to prove successful.

"England expects every Man this day will do his Duty!"

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The Hero of Trafalgar, on Board the Victory. The Design by the celebrated West—the Engraving by Heath.

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